



Why? by Ruby Ink Writers

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Summary: Richie Tozier is forced to question why, when he is targeted by the Bowers cousins, Henry and Connor.

Why?

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Chapter One

"I'm such a bloody *freak*..."

It had been the worst moment of his entire life. His secret was out to his classmates and worse it was out to his bullies, the dangerous and psychotic gang of one Henry Bowers. He should have known that he shouldn't have gotten to *touchie* and let his fingers linger when high fiving the cute boy at the arcade.

The teen however, didn't expect him to be the bloody cousin of Henry Bowers. Nor did he expect the cute cousin to realise that his fingers had lingered and see the looks he had given while checking the curly blonde boy out. With Richie groaning to himself as he recalled the incident and realised that he was a little too obvious with his looks, to the point that he barely played in order to check the boy out. Of course, his secret got worked out.

He should have just stuck with his unattainable crush on his best friend, Eddie. At least Eddie wouldn't have outted him as a *fucking fag*, to the rest of the school. At least he *hoped* that he would.

After Henry had basically outted him, Richie had bolted away from the school. Avoiding all of his friends and their questions on why he was leaving school so early but knowing he couldn't tell them what had happened inside of them, in fear of his secret causing them to hate him. Instead, he just pushed past them with tears in his eyes and ran, trying to find a spot in Derry that wouldn't let him be found by his friends or that fucked-up *clown*.

The teen stayed like that for the rest of the day, before heading home and hiding away from everyone.

Including his family.

He didn't return to the *real* world of interacting with people until a

few days had past and for the most part, everyone had forgotten about why he had bolted away from school. Instead, they were more concerned about if Richie had been the latest victim of the killer who seemed to make a random child or more disappear every twenty-seven years. A fear that was circulating many of the children and parents of Derry, when young Georgie Denbrough had been killed by mysterious circumstances.

Thus luckily for the teen, they had forgotten about his homosexuality and he was able to slink by into his old ways, with his secret somewhat known but still hidden away from the ones he actually cared about. There was someone who didn't forget however, and they were going to make Richie sweat if not more, as they punished the boy.

Unfortunately for Richie Tozier, it was the boy who had started all of this.

The curly blond once cutie now sexist pig, Connor Bowers.

Who unbeknownst to Richie or his friends, was watching the black-haired boy with a smirk on his face from his place around his cousin's gang. Henry luckily had forgotten about Richie being gay for now, focused more of torturing the children of the school and making their lives miserable. Allowing Connor to watch the little '*faggot*' until he saw an opening to target the boy. Which he got when Richie headed into a boys room, that was known for being noticeably less used by anyone due to its proximity to the teacher's lounge.

He waited a few moments, to make sure that Richie would have began doing whatever before heading after him. The teen smirking as he walked into the boy's room to find Richie at the urinals, taking a leak. Something that gave Connor enough of an opening in order to tease the longish curly black-haired boy.

"Playing with your cock again, Tozier? I thought you would get enough of that at home?" Connor smirked. Watching in amusement as the teen boy jumped in fear when he heard his voice.

"CONNOR!" Richie growled, the glasses clad boy turning towards the boy who had nearly destroyed him and his secret by telling his

cousin. Trying his best to turn away and hide his smaller cock from the cocky pig, Richie's eyes glared from behind the glasses and refused to leave Connor's gaze.

"That's my name fag, but I'm sure you know that since it's probably what you moan out every time you jerk that little baby thing in your hand." Connor chuckled, his smirk continued.

"Leave me alone Connor, I'm not a..." Richie growled, not able to finish the sentence even though he knew he would be playing into Connor's ways. Instead the teen focused on finishing up his piss and shoving his cock back into his underwear and doing up his blue jeans.

"Oh really, you definitely seemed to be checking me out while were gaming... maybe Henry was right and you did want to *bone* me..." Connor chuckled. "I bet you even went home and shot your load while thinking about me, didn't you Tozier?"

"Did not!" Richie protected, despite the dark-haired boy blushing *heavily* as he remembered that night when he did indeed have a lengthy jerking off session where him and Connor fooled around a little. A thought process where for the first time since he had admitted to himself about where his interests lay, that it wasn't about Eddie and he *wasn't* on top.

Snorting, Connor closed the distance between them while Richie tried to stand his ground. The younger boy's feet rooted to the spot out of either bravery or fear, puffing out his small chest in an attempt to look more intimidating, though it had no effect on the blond boy. With little more than a smirk Connor was able to make Richie's stance break then back up until his back was pressed up against the cool tile wall. His eyes wide open as Connor got even closer so there was only a few inches between them.

"I'm sure you didn't fag, you *so* wanted me." Connor chuckled. "Bet you wanted me to fuck you and that other little freak your friends with, Kaspbrak."

"F-Fuck off Bowers..." Richie growled in response.

Another snort from the older boy, "As I said, You wanted to bone me. *Admit it.*"

Richie attempted his own snort but it failed. "Fuck no!"

"What was that? '*Fuck me Connor?*' '*Make me your little fag bitch?*'" Pressing a finger hard into the snappish boy's chest, Connor growled. His voice was dripping with a lustful venom.

"Don't fucking touch me loser!" Richie snapped, trying to punch the other boy.

However, as soon as his arm twitched to pull back something made Richie stop in an instant. Connor's hand reaching out and grabbing his crotch, *firmly*.

"What the-! And you call me the, the *faggot*..." Richie growled, as he gulped from Connor's hand on his cock. The curly haired blonde smirking in response as he gave it a light squeeze, feeling as the longer black-haired boy began twitching and hardening up.

"That's because you are Tozier... You're getting a hard-on just from my hand *touching* you here, aren't you fag?"

As expected he was rather on the small size, something that amused Connor as the cock rose to its full length. He roughly squeezed the shaft, knowing that it may be the last time he touched the thing, torturing Richie Tozier. With that answer enough without the dark-haired boy's bitching and whining Connor released Richie from his rough grip. Having enough of touching the boy's hardening cock through his jeans, for *now*.

"Wonder what Henry would think, if I told him that you forced me to *touch* your baby-length cock..." Connor chuckled. "He might *ram* his cock down your throat and force you to be his little cum dump, like the fag you are... bet you would like that, wouldn't you Tozier?"

Just imagining the hunky bully who had tormented him for years using his big cock to use his holes was making the younger boy harder, obviously twitching right through his jeans. Only his traitorous mind didn't simply stop at the image of Henry Bowers' cock

in his argumentative throat; Instead it shifted to place not one, but two Bowers using him like a *cum dump*. Their lengthy cocks throbbing and pumping him full of their hot, filthy cum after hours of breaking him in every position the young boy could imagine. Even the two bullies inside of him at once.

Backing up in hopes that Connor couldn't see or feel his cock getting painfully hard, Richie suppressed a loud whine. But he saw the blond's eyes move down slowly, then follow back up his body with a smug look on his face.

Regardless of this, with a hoarse and broken voice, the glasses clad boy rebuffed.

"Don't make me laugh, I doubt you or your psycho cousin have a cock big enough to reach my *front* teeth." Richie smirked.

Seeing an opening to get Richie to become his little cum slut, Connor's smirk returned, bigger. "Wanna make a bet, fag?"

Richie choked on his own words, with his mind mere seconds away from saying 'yes'. "What the *fuck*!"

"I'm going to give a faggot like you, the chance of your life. We will compare *sizes* and when you lose to me, you can drop to your knees and worship my cock," Connor offered, sounding like a corny sales man in a way that was only working to annoy Richie further. "That sounds like the best deal of your life, don't you think fag boy?"

After a few seconds to consider the option, Richie thought himself bold enough to take the challenge. Connor must have known he would never say no so it made perfect sense to the teenager that the blond bully *must* be lying about his own size; Richie stepped forward proudly and pressed their chests together with his face scrunched up into a sneer.

Knowing this might be the only chance he could get to test if he actually was homosexual, he spoke. His voice was a little whiny as he growled at Connor.

"Ugh, Fine. Take out your *tiny*, shrivelled, shrimp dick!" He snapped,

"If you're ready to lose *but* when you do, you're sucking *ME* off..."

"That wasn't part of the offer, fag... you should be thrilled to just *see* a real boy's cock..." Connor grinned, with Richie groaning as he saw the cute boy that he had checked out in the arcade, rather than just the asshole he was. "But... I'd be lying to say that doesn't spice up our deal. I didn't jerk it this morning, anyway. How's this, loser is the winner's bitch until we leave the *bathroom*... translation: you're gonna be my bitch until I let *you* leave."

Richie snorted and gave the older boy a harsh shove. "Drop your pants, loser!"

"Bitches with the tiny little baby dicks, go first." Connor shoved back, an evil sneer on his face. Knowing full well that Richie's smaller cock had no chance of winning this. "This is going to be easy, since your what probably *two* inches?"

Arrogance fueling him, along with his suppressed lust for Connor, Richie hurriedly started to undo his jeans. Muttering to himself while yanking them down, anger in his eyes. His underwear went with them, bringing out the boy's young hard cock but was quickly covered by both hands. Why let Connor see it just yet?

"Damn fag, you *that* excited about showing me your little dick?" Connor chuckled.

"That excited to have a cocksucking bitch!" Richie said, pushing his glasses up his nose.

"*Or* your excited to *be* a cocksucking little bitch, just like your friend Kaspbrak..." Connor smirked. Having a feeling that Richie was *after* his equally faggot-esc little friend.

Loving the way his bitch-to-be opened his mouth to retort, only to not find the words and shut it again. So since he was already winning, Connor reached down and started to undo his belt. The metal coming loose before being pulled from the loop; This act confused Richie, who didn't know just what the older boy intended to use that belt for. Nevertheless, he didn't have the liberty to wonder this as Connor started to very slowly undo his black jeans.

Tantalisingly slow, Connor pulled down the little golden zipper so that Ritche could hear every little *zip* as it eased down. His jeans flaps fell open to reveal a pair of black boxer briefs that, much to Richie's surprise, weren't tenting like his were. He pulled the jeans down just under the legs of his black underwear, fully showing off the sexy pair of boxer briefs to the gay boy. Showing off slightly, Connor cupped his nuts with a dirty smirk across his dark pink lips.

Noticing the surprise on the curly-haired boy's face, Connor snickered. "What, did you expect me to be hard, fag boy?"

Next he further gave the boy a shock by pulling down the hem of his underwear and show off his still flaccid cock.

"W-Well... it's a bit hard to *judge* whose bigger when your cock is that small..." Richie began, blushing a little as he almost stared at Connor's soft cock.

Connor snorted when he saw where the boy's focus was.

"Having fun checking out my softie, fag?"

Richie startled, suddenly looking up like a deer in the headlights. "Get hard! Unless you give up, since you're smaller than me. O-o-or maybe you *are* hard, dickwad!"

"Tozier, my softie is still double the length of you hard but as you *wish*..." Connor smirked, as he began groping himself and working on getting himself hard. Stroking himself as slowly as he had taken off his pants, knowing that it would torture the gay boy. In Richie's eyes was an all too obvious lust to see the whole length as it rose up inch by tortuous inch, until *finally* Connor's just under six inch length was throbbing in his direction intimidatingly. "Size?"

Gulping hard to finally see another boy's cock, and to instantly know that it was bigger than his five-incher, Richie choked on his own words. He reached down and wrapped a hand around his thin, pale cock with a throbbing pink head and almost hairless garden of growing pubes. Nothing like the thick bush of curly dirty-blond hairs making a jungle around Connor's length. Giving himself a few tugs as the image of his crush's cock burned into his mind, Richie tried to

remember his measurements.

Blushing the longish black-haired boy admitted his size. "F-Five inches..."

With a snort, the older boy simply placed a hand on the older boy's shoulder. Applying pressure, Connor pushed the boy to his knees.

"I'm six *thick* inches. You lose, bitch." Connor bragged, despite knowing that he was a *little* under six.

"P-Prove It!" Richie demanded, with a blush.

Moving a hand downwards with a cocky smirk from ear to ear, the blond grabbed the base of his near six-inch length. His other hand was surprisingly fast in grabbing a fistful of Richie's hair, bringing up closer to slap the member against the boy's petite face. Enjoying the younger boy's groans, he continued to cock slap Richie. Connor hit his cheeks with the mushroom head, waiting to see if his new bitch was going to open his mouth and take the head inside.

Richie grunted, in pain from the grip in his hair. If he tried to pull away Connor pulled his hair, keeping him down there as the length slapped against his face. While he was silently turned on the size and smell of Connor's dick, Richie Tozier was an arrogant and prideful boy who *hated* to be a bottom.

"Come on, you accepted the deal Tozier, open your mouth like the little cum slut you want." Connor growled. "If your lucky, I might even *bone* you, in the way you wanted to do me... it's been a while since I've had *slut* to fuck."

"I'm not your *bitch*!" Richie shouted, opening his mouth with the intention to *bite* Connor's cock. However, something in the boy couldn't bring him to sink his teeth in so when the head was inside and his lips around the shaft Richie paused. Shocked that he had a cock in his mouth and wasn't biting it, even while the thickness slowly pushed in a little deeper.

Connor snorted once more, when he saw Richie's resolve dying. "Right... your my cum slut. Now get sucking fag, before I force my

cock down your throat and make you suck it..."

Reluctant to hand over that power, a nervous Richie started to run his tongue around the ridge of Connor's cock head. Making it nice and wet before bobbing very slowly up and down along its thick length. Though he would *never* choose to admit it, he was absolutely loving the taste. Driving the boy to move along it a little slower in order to get a lingering taste of Connor, tasting the strong bitterness that had him moaning quietly. Humming around the length.

"You really are a little fag, aren't you Tozier..." Connor teased as the boy began awkwardly sucking on the curly blonde's cock. Connor able to clearly tell that his cock was Richie's first to suck on, just by how bad the teen was going so far.

"Shut up..." Richie muttered, taking only three-inches of the boy's cock back into his reluctant mouth.

His tongue was idle, his lips loose but mouth was wet and hot. Easy for Connor to pull him by the hair and force more of his thickness inside. Though Richie gagged slightly, he was powerless to stop it. He pushed on Connor's legs, he struggled not to deepthroat the just under six-inch length but he was too wear to stop him.

In a matter of seconds Connor's cock was buried in Richie Tozier's throat, and the boy was forced to inhale the jungle of dirty-blond pubes.

With a little husky grunt, Connor pulled Richie off to allow for a single gulp of air before ramming back down the boy's throat. If he was going to put in so little effort to please his cock, his once in a lifetime chance cock, then Connor would be glad to use the throat however he saw fit. Richie was tight and hot, with girly gags that made the older boy throb as he abused the hole. One hand on either side of the boy's face, ramming in and out, back and forth making sure that Richie choked on his thickness.

"Not bad, Tozier... you might be a fag, but if you want some, I could let you suck me off when I don't feel like jerkin' the meat..." Connor teased.

Managing to pull off for a moment, Richie was close to biting the length. "Never!"

"Your loss, cause your little *butt* boy won't give you any, he's too much of a useless dork."

Richie's cheeks heated up, turning pink. He stared down at the floor, unwilling to meet Connor's eye. "Wh-who are you talking about...?"

"Krasbrak, of course."

As if that flicked a switch inside the dark-haired boy, Richie's hand shot up suddenly and tightly gripped the base of Connor's just under six-inch length. Stroking along the slickness, moving along the bully's member nice and fast. His strange way of telling Connor never to talk about Eddie again. Richie took the mushroom head back into his mouth, tightly wrapping the lips around its shaft and beginning to suck hard on it. This time flicking at the piss slit with his tongue.

"That's it, you little slut... suck your *bettors* cock like a good boy..." Connor purred, grabbing Richie's lengthy hair and tugging on it slightly.

Running his tongue in little circles around the head, Richie was slow moving on the cock. Only sucking on a few inches at a time while his hand was busy working the rest. Drooling slightly around the thickness to make it easier on his hand to pleasure Conner, be the willing little bitch that he wanted until there was an opening to strike. He would get revenge on the blond for being attractive enough to make him risk his secret coming out, and for telling *Henry* what happened.

However, Connor was no idiot.

"Get off, I'm bored fag." Connor grunted, shoving him away. His thick cock slapped Richie in the face, smearing precum into the boy's cheek. Still throbbing, now oozing a dribble of precum, the older boy smirked.

"Are we done, then?"

"Of course not fag, it's just time you used a *dfferent* home to please

me."

Richie furrowed his brow in confusion, wondering what it was Connor meant until finally it hit him like a truck. Feeling his body suddenly tighten up at the mere thought of Connor using *that* part of his body. Internally he was close to begging for that, but on the outside Richie held up a strong front. "What the fuck, NO! I'm not letting you do *that* to me... you-!"

"*You*," Connor slapped Richie across the face with his cock, "Are my small-cocked bitch. Get up and get against that wall, *now*."

"NO! I'm not letting you fuck me! I'm not giving you my ass, FAG!" Richie growled back.

For a long moment, Connor stared at the younger boy then let out a long sigh. Shaking his head, the older boy chuckled a little while leaning down and stripping off his jeans, underwear and shoes. When he stood back up Connor held his belt, looped over to either end. He smacked it against his palm in a little intimidation display.

"Up!"

Richie growled. "If that belt fucking touches me, then you are dead..."

Connor smirked.

"Then get your cum dump ass in positions, against the wall and get ready. I don't plan on being soft, with *my* bitch..."

Very reluctant to give up the last thing keeping him from fully being gay, Richie's legs shook as he got up then was about to lean against the cool tiles whe Richie paused. Staring at the wall where his virginity would be taken, or at the very least Connor was going to roughly spank him with a belt. His palms almost whiter than the tiles themselves. After a few moments he felt Connor give his pants a harsh tug so they were around his ankles, leaving the classes clad boy basically naked from the waist down. Richie's ass was pale and smooth, a little flat but still rather cute. While he was getting allowed some time to get used to the idea from Connor, both boys soon found out that they weren't alone in the bathroom anymore.

When an annoyed growl of pure disgust and anger bellowed through the bathroom. "He *told* you to get against the wall... SO DO IT FAGGOT!"

"Henry!" Connor jumped, his heart thumping. "What the fuck are you doing in here? Get the fuck out!"

"Save it fuck for brains, if you wanted to bone the faggot you should have told me..." Henry growled, the teen hissing at his young cousin in disgust "But since you decided to go all fag on me, it's time that I pound some sense into you and your new little *boyfriend*..."

Glaring from behind his curls, the younger of the two Bowers almost spat at his cousin. "Get out! I earned this fag's ass fair and square. So unless you're bigger than me, you can fuck right off."

"Oh and how did you do that, showing your piss weak little cock like you did with the *last* one..." Henry growled. "And we both know, that I'm bigger than you *cousin*... as you should remember from when you felt up your own cousin."

Richie gaped. "Wh-what?"

"Fuck up, FAG!" Henry slammed the bathroom door shut, being smart enough to lock it. He marched over to the two before roughly shoving Richie up against the tile like he was told to do. As if Connor was allowed to fuck up those Losers before he was; Henry too attacked his belt and jeans that had been cut at the knee to become shorts. Going commando underneath, Henry pulled out his semi-hard cock and shook it at the pair. "Suck it you bitch, get it hard for your little fag's ass to be ripped open."

'*Why does this have to happen to me!*' Richie internally whined, his eyes widening at the sight of Connor actually kneeling down. '*Holy shit balls!*'

Seeing Richie watching, Henry growled. "Get here and help him, faggot..."

"W-W-Why should I?" Richie stuttered a little, despite knowing that Henry wasn't going to *like* it.

Both younger boys blushed brightly, guided down by the harsh grip on their curly hair. Henry growling at both of them. "I told you faggots to fucking suck me, now do it before I fuck those asses up and leave you for dick suckers for dead."

Falling to their knees, Richie and Connor shared a scared glance at one another then turned to face the rising cock in their faces. Henry's thickness resembled a soda can more than a cock in girth and it was barely above a semi. As their faces got closer and eyes narrowed on the length, the boys' warm breath against it made Henry groan and stiffen. Its six and three quarter inch length throbbed intimidatingly, impatient for one to give it some well earned attention.

"I didn't say for you to just stare and drool over my sexy as fuck cock, fags. Suck it." Henry smirked. When neither made a move to obey, Henry grunted and pulled Connor over to his cock. "If you losers won't make a move, I'll make you do it myself..."

As Henry's cock rubbed against his lips, his curly-haired cousin shakily opened his mouth and allowed the head to be forced into his mouth like an obedient bitch. He almost gagged on it instantly, the thick cock shoving deep into his throat almost choking the younger teenager. Connor opened his mouth wider in his attempt to swallow it deeper, struggling to fit more down. It was only a few inches inside and already filled him. So with an unsatisfied grunt, Henry pulled him off to the flared tip before shoving it back inside his cousin's mouth.

Watching in awe as his homophobic crush's throat bulged with his *cousin's* cock gagging him, Richie felt like he was going to cum in his pants. Henry may be the biggest jerk in the world and a complete nutcase, but Richie *had* noticed the boy's fairly attractive body and seeing his almost beautiful cut cock wasn't going to help Ritchie in not thinking about *him* when jerking after this.

"Toizer, get over here and suck on my nuts like a good little bitch boy." Henry ordered, reaching out for the younger of the two's longer black curly locks. Smirking, he pulled the boy down and was happy to feel the fag boy take one into his mouth. "See Connor, that's how you act like an obedient little *slut*, you should take lessons."

Richie blushed from the comment, as he suckled on one of the bully's heavy balls, drooling on the hairy sack while sucking away. His tongue circled around slowly to pleasure, hoping to please Henry and get him to go a little easier on him.

"Piss off, dickhead!" Connor snapped, running his teeth over the head.

Henry could only chuckle *loudly* from his cousin's snap before smirking evilly and forcing his cock *deep* down Connor's throat. Knowing full well that Connor's gag reflex, *sucked*.